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1911

EF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT

BY
JAMES
WHITCOMB
RILEY

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LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

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By JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY
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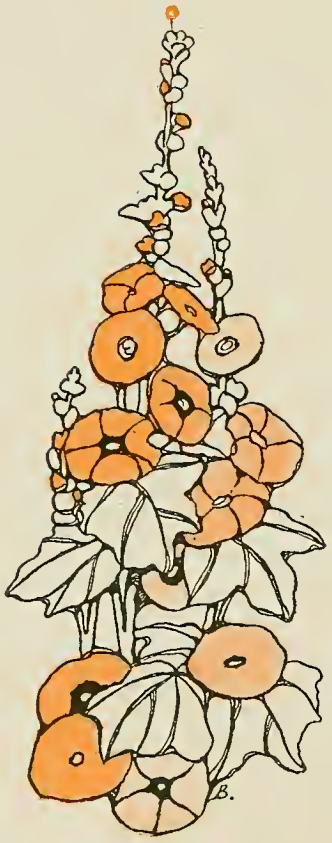
— WITH ALL FAITH AND AFFECTION —

To *all* the little children: — The happy ones; and sad ones;
The sober and the silent ones; the boisterous and glad ones;
The good ones — Yes, the good ones, too; and all the lovely bad ones.

LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE she knows riddles, rhymes and things!
Knows 'bout the Witches 'at rides brooms, an' Imps 'at flies with wi
The same as bats er lightnin'-bugs!—An' knows 'bout Ring-mo-rees
'At thist can take an' turn theirselves in anything they please!
"An' childerns all, both great an' small," she says, an' rolls her eyes
When we're a-listnun', all so still, "you needen' be surprise'
Ef right this livin' minut'—'fore ye know they's one about—
'At the GOBBLE-UNS 'll git ye—
Ef you
Don't
Watch out!"



LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE

Little Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay,
An' wash the cups an' saucers up, an' brush the crumbs away,
An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth, an' sweep,
An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her board-an'-keep;
An' all us other childern, when the supper things is done,
We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun
A-list'nin' to the witch-tales 'at Annie tells about,
An' the Gobble-uns 'at gits you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

Onc't they was a little boy wouldn't say his prayers,—
So when he went to bed at night, away up stairs,
His Mammy heerd him holler, an' his Daddy heerd him bawl,
An' when they turn't the kivvers down, he wasn't there at all!
An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby-hole, an' press,
An' seeked him up the chimbly-flue, an' ever'wheres, I guess;
But all they ever found was thist his pants and roundabout:—
An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,
An' make fun of ever'one, an' all her blood an' kin;
An' onc't, when they was "company," an' ole folks was there,
She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, an' said she didn't care!
An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run an' hide,
They was two great big Black Things a-standin' by her side,
An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she knowed what she's about!
An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

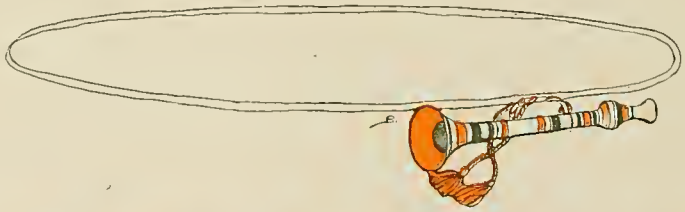
An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue,
An' the lamp-wick sputters, an' the wind goes *woo-oo!*
An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray,
An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squenched away,—
You better mind yer parents, an' yer teachers fond an' dear,
An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphant's tear,
An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at clusters all about,
Er the Gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

CIRCUS

BILLY MILLER'S CIRCUS-SHOW

At Billy Miller's Circus-Show—
  In their old stable where it's at—
The boys pays twenty pins to go,
  An' gits their money's-worth at that!—
'Cause Billy he can climb an' chalk
His stockin'-feet an' purt'-nigh walk
A tight-rope—yes, an' ef he fall
He'll ketch, an' "skin a cat"—'at's all!

He ain't afeard to swing an' hang
  Ist by his legs!—an' mayby stop
An' yell "look out!" an' nen—k-spang!—
  He'll let loose, upside-down, an' drop
Wite on his hands! An' nen he'll do
"Contortion-acts"—ist limber through
As "Injarubber Mens" 'at goes
With shore-fer-certain circus-shows!



SAL
OF
EJB.

At Billy Miller's Circus-Show
He's got a circus-ring—an' they's
A dressin'-room,—so's he can go
An' dress an' paint up when he plays
He's somepin' else;—'cause sometimes he's
"Ringmaster"—bossin' like he please—
An' sometimes "Ephalunt"—er "Bare-
Back Rider," prancin' out o' there!

An' sometimes—an' the best of all!—
He's "The Old Clown," an' got on clo'es
All stripud,—an' white hat, all tall
An' peakud—like in shore-'nuff shows,—
An' got three-cornered red-marks, too,
On his white cheeks—ist like they do!—
An' you'd ist die, the way he sings
An' dances an' says funny things!

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